

Intro

Bo Burnham

This is Bo Burnham.
He's 22 years old.
He's a male, and he looks like the genetic product of a giraffe having sex with Ellen Degeneres.
He has a gigantic head and tiny nipples.
He's isolated himself over the last five years in the pursuit of comedy and, in doing so has lost touch with reality.
You're an asshole, Bo. You hear me?
You think you know better than me. You think you know better than everybody.
You will die alone, and you will deserve it.
But in the meantime you might as well tell those silly jokes of yours.
See if that helps.

You used to do comedy when you felt like being funny
But now you're contraction-ally obligated
So dance you fucking monkey
Dance monkey dance!

Welcome to the show, this is Bo, this is his show, and Bo likes to dance like this
Welcome to the show, this is Bo, this is his show, and Bo takes off his pants like this

Play an invisible drum
Play an invisible trumpet Drink some invisible water
Oh shit! That water's real!

Bo wants to make you feel comfortable
Bo wants to make you feel comfortable Bo wants to make you feel comfortable
So sit back, relax, and enjoy a healthy dose of

Prolonged eye contact (Prolonged eye contact)
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Prolonged eye contact (Prolonged eye contact)
Lick your lips to make it more comforting

Do you want to see a magic trick? (Yeah!)
Do you want to see a magic trick? (Yeah!)
Do you want to see a magic trick? (Yeah!)
Then pick a card any card-Psyche!

Magic isn't real, you idiot, read a book
Magic isn't real, you idiot, read a book
Magic isn't real, you idiot, read a book
Magic isn't real, or is it?

And at that moment, Bo's 20 year old cynicism melted into childlike wonder.
He never knew there could be so much magic in the world.
It's a world of possibilities Bo.

What do you want to do first? Run? Yeah sure you can run.
Fly? Well yeah you can fly.
What? What are yo-what the fuck are you do-what the fuck are you doing?
Stop, st-stop it. What the f-you fucking idiot, stop, stop, stop.

Anyways. In the distance Bo saw a beautiful fairy.
A fairy so beautiful that he felt proud about being called one in high school.
He then came across an old bridge with a troll standing guard.
Bo knew he'd have to answer a riddle to get by.
The troll spoke thus: 'Alright for the last time man I'm not a troll, I'm homeless. Ok, do you have any spare change? Ok that's a used napkin I don't want that. No no stop just you know what leave just leave please leave.'
And then as Bo arrived on the other side of the stage he saw a unicorn with five horns right in front of him.
And the pentacorn spoke thus: 'Hello Bo, I've been looking for you for quite a long t-ugh!'

He was safe, for now. But the dark thoughts would soon return.

It's Godzilla!

It's so hard to be a lizard
It's hard to be a lizard
Tiny arms, itchy gizzard
It's hard to be a lizard
But it's harder to segue

Is he skiing or is he in a gay porn?
Is he skiing (what) or is he in a gay porn?
Is he skiing (huh) or is he in a gay porn?
Here's a hint: he's in a gay porn

Ok Bo this miming shit is getting pretty annoying so give 'em the real thing

My voice is so fucking natural
It's naturally good
Naturally good
Naturally good

This is the end of the song and the beginning of the show
Welcome to the show

That lizard part was pretty fucking stupid

We're recording part of the CD tonight, and yeah, good to start off with eight minutes of mime jokes for the CD.

I want to start off with a joke for the fellas.
I don't feel like I connect with my men in the audience as well as I do with my prepubescent girls.
So where my fellas at? Fellas?
Yo fellas don't you hate it when you're sucking a guy's dick and he ends up being a faggot? Am I right!?
These fucking faggots with their tasty dicks!

Alright if you'd like to leave during the show the exit signs are marked clearly in red, sort of a orangish/reddish/fiery red so we'll be fucked if we need them, but we can see 'em now!

This show is called 'what.' and I hope there are some surprises, geez. I knocked the water over by accident.

He meant to knock the water over, yeah yeah yeah
But you all thought it was an accident
But he meant to knock the water over, yeah yeah yeah
Art is lie, nothing is real

So it's called 'what.' and it's about, hey cool it

He meant to knock the water over, yeah yeah yeah
But you all thought it was an

Just, take it off repeat, and it won't repeat.
This is the good thing, we can edit all this in the actual CD recording.

He meant to play the track again, yeah yeah yeah
But you all thought it was an accident
But he meant to play the water track again-gain-gain
Art's still a lie, nothing's still real

What's the deal with segues?
Food jokes, let's do some food jokes
How you guys doin' up in the nosebleeds, up top?
Yes, the nosebleeds where the cocaine is done.
I had a hotdog for breakfast, in Madison actually this morning.
And, yeah, afterwards I felt like this: whoa whoa
Because I couldn't control my stools. Alright, Jesus.
For the people listening, I moved the stool around a lot.
This is gonna get difficult.
But I'm glad you like poop-
based puns, that'll be a majority of the show, so.

Never waste a moment
Every moment can become a comedy moment, see?

Thank you so much